

Get Bent

by BoredParanoia

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Summary: Only in South Park would you decide to play an old game after getting the most annoying sound stuck in your head, and end up stuck in a world where everyone you know (as well as a version of you) switched sexes. Only in ****ing South Park...

1. Jackpots and Crackpots

If you are thinking about what the gb designs look like, you should check this blog out. It really is interesting.

post/80254326782/babynarwhalshineyeyes-i-was-dicking-around-with

Also, please, that I haven't watched all the episodes of South Park, so please do not hate me if I get some details wrong.

One final note, it has been a while since I have written fanfiction, and also since I've actually wrote a story.

Disclaimer: South Park does not belong to me.

I also haven't come up with the genderbent designs.

* * *

><p>Chapter One: Jackpots and Crackpots

It was a normal day in South Park, and honestly, after the whole 'live sentient advertisement' thing, Stan Marsh appreciated it.

It had been 2 weeks since PC Principal had dealt with Leslie, and for the most part, South Park has gotten back to normal, or as normal as it could be. The Whole Foods Market were still standing, David and his family hadn't been turned off by Cartman's bullshit, and everyone was still trying their best to be PC, if just trying not to get carried away. All in all, everything was good again.

At least until the next bullshit thing, but Stan Marsh refused to think about that until it actually happened.

"Hey dude."

Turning around, Stan saw his friends: Kyle, Kennyâ€| and Cartman.

"Hey dude, what's up?" Stan said as he strapped his backpack to his back.

"We were planning to go to Kenny's house," "The poor man's block." Kyle glared at Cartman for a bit, before continuing.

"Apparently, Kenny managed to catch a squirrel the other day."

"Woah, really dude? How did you manage that?" Stan asked Kenny, who was now swaggering.

"Oh, it wasn't easyâ€|" Kenny said as he prepared to regale them with his story.

"Yeah, I would have thought the squirrel would have ran away as soon as it saw you planning to eat it." Cartman snickered.

"As I was saying, I made a squirrel fishing rod, and tied a nut on it." Kenny finished, leaving Stan surprised.

"Yeah, I got it in a cage from one of the abandoned stores."

"So wanna come dude?" Kyle asked. To that, Stan grimaced.

"Sorry, guys. I gotta get back home. Our ramen supply fell over and Mom wants everyone to help out."

"Weak." The other three boys left, leaving Stan alone.

* * *

><p>"Remember, don't stack them too high, Stan." Randy said as he passed by with an armful of ramen packets. Stan sighed before setting down his backpack and getting to work.<p>

Going up the stairs, and giving a wide berth to Shelly, Stan got as many as he could hold comfortably before heading down the stairs into the garage. Copying everyone else, he set down his armful and piled them into a small stack. He was about to leave when his attention caught the frame near the wall. There was something about that feltâ€|off to him. Looking back to see that he was alone in the garage, he walked over and looked behind it.

"Whoa." Stan whispered as he took in Dad's secret Lorde cache. Well, if he ever needed cash, and Mom and Dad were being cheap, then he had a backup plan. Setting the frame back into place, he was about to go back to get more ramen packet, when he tripped over a box.

More surprised than hurt, he looked back at the offending box, before he deeply frowned.

"Guitar Heroâ€|so that's where it went."

Honestly, after the whole game calling him and Kyle faggots thing, he hadn't cared where it went. His newfound curiosity now spent, he was about to set it aside when something on the box caught his eye.

Looking at it again, he stared at the box cover, the various guitarists seeming to stare at him. Stan wasn't sure what was happening, only that time seemed to slow down and there was some kind of rhythm that pounding in his ears.

"Stan?" Stan snapped out of his trance and stared at his mom, who had more ramen packets in her hands. He looked down at the box in his hands, before putting it down and walking back up to the attic, forgetting the whole thing had ever happened.

As the day turned to night, Stan laid in bed, his eyes wide open as he tried to go to sleep. He tossed and turned, counted sheep, and even put the pillow over his head. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore.

"I really hope I'm not going insane." He groaned as he acknowledged the sound that he was hearing. It sounded likeâ€|guitar strings, being plucked one by one, the rhythm sounding faster with each passing second. And he knew where it was coming from.

Quietly opening the door, he looked around the hallway before slipping out of his room and making his way through. His eyes having adjusted to the darkness, he walked down the stairs and crossed the living room before opening the garage door. The darkness in the garage seemed to swallow him up, yet it felt like he didn't need any light as he walked inside, the sound practically guiding him.

As he walked closer, the sound began to increase in tempo, before he stood in front of it and it turned into an endless crescendo.

Grabbing the box and walking back into the normal darkness, he looked at the reason why he was getting up at 2:00 in the morning.

Guitar Heroâ€|

Well, maybe he could do whatever it he needed to do, and the sound would stop. Just do and get it over with. Couldn't be worse than having to live with a constant sound in his head.

Connecting all the wires to the TV and console, and making sure that the batteries in the guitar controller still worked, he took a deep breath, before turning everything on. The sound erupted from the system, making Stan fumble for the remote. Mashing the volume control as fast as he could, he looked up and strained his ears for the sounds of footsteps coming from the bedrooms. After a few tense moments, Stan relaxed, before taking out the game disc and inserting it into the console.

As the game booted up, Stan checked the controls before looking up and scrolling through the menu, checking through all the options. Checking each song choice before moving to the next one, he finally found the one that he had been looking for. At least, that was the feeling inside his gut told him.

'Through the Fire and the Flames' on expert, said to be the hardest song in the entire game. Him and Kyle were planning to tackle it when

they reached the one million mark, but as said before, the whole 'fags' thing had turned him off. Looking around him one last time, Stan prepared himself, before starting the song.

Almost immediately, his hands went to work, keeping up with the notes as they rained down like a downpour. Stan's tongue pressed itself against the side of his lips as he struggled to keep up. His lack of practice showed as he strained to get into the right rhythm.

Despite this, Stan refused to miss a single note as his world slowly became consumed by the game. He didn't know what would happen if he did miss a note, but he hoped it would be less worse than having to spend god knows how long having to be like that guy in that one story that Raven guy wrote.

His hands burned, his arms burned, everything felt like it was on fire, and yet he continued onâ€|

Until the TV suddenly turned off. Stan blinked as the world as a whole came back to him, and he realized that his dad had the power cord in his hand, his mom looked like she was ready to lecture him, and he could feel Shelly's smirk as she watched from the stairs. Despite this, he realized he could hear nothing, but the sounds of the strings, and they were starting to sound louder.

Stan gritted his teeth and clapped his hands over his ears to ward off the noise, only to feel something off. Looking at his hands, Stan gasped as his hands were practically vibrating. Then the strings reached a fever pitch, and Stan had no time to react. Collapsing to his knees, he could only wordlessly scream as he felt his body literally shift.

Collapsing forward, he felt the last of the sensation end before feeling whatever left of his dinner come up his throat. Seeking any relief he could get, he gladly puked on the carpet, before collapsing on his side. Taking deep breaths and suddenly feeling exhaustion, he could only register two dark shapes looking over him, before falling into a deep sleep.

* * *

><p>Mgrrgl. That was Stan's first thought as he slowly roused himself awake. He felt linens under and over him, which probably meant he was in a bed. The smell of antiseptic and general gross clean smells was familiar yet wasn't associated with a house. As he opened his eyes, he began to pick out details that showed that he was in a hospital. There was the clean white blanket, the curtains, the chipper posters about the human anatomy.<p>

Stan looked down at himself and saw that he was wearing the regular hospital getup, complete with the feeling that his underwear was exposed in the back. Laying back into the pillow, he realized that it was quiet. Sure, he could hear some cars moving around outside, as well as chatter out in the hallways, but it was quiet compared to the noise in his head last night.

With that realization, Stan gave a happy sigh and put his hands behind his head.

"Thank Godâ€|"

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the door, before it opened. Stan sat up and looked up, ready to greet his parents. Then he stopped as his jaw dropped.

There was his parents and Shelly onlyâ€| Dad had lost his mustache, grown out his hair, and sported two breasts on his chest. Mom had lost her breasts and looked way more masculine than she should have been. Shellyâ€|honestly didn't look too different, besides the shorter hair. Finally, Dr. Doctor came in, now a portly woman.

For a few brief moments, Stan stared, and the people that should have been his family but weren't, stared right back. It was a choking kind of silence, before Not-Shelly groaned.

"Great, now there's two turds." Mom-dad looked down at Not-Shelly, a deep frown on his face.

"Shelley, that is no way to talk about your sister and her..." Her-His lecture stopped as she-he looked at Stan, trying to think of what to say. Meanwhile, Dad-mom came closer, his-her attention completely on him. As he-she neared the bed, Stan looked up, still a little unsettled by what was happening.

"Soâ€|what's your name?" Dad-mom asked, his-her eyes alit with curiosity.

"Stan." Stan replied, deciding to go with the flow.

"Stanâ€|" Dad-mom repeated, almost weighing the name. Before long, he-she smiled, before turning to Mom-dad.

"See, Shawn, I told you Stan would be a good name if Sam was a boy!" At this, Shawn groaned.

"Randi, is this really the time for this?"

At this point, someone else groaned in the room, and everyone looked to the side. As he looked with everyone else, he realized a couple of words that this version of his family had said.

'Two turdsâ€|if Sam was a boy?'

Finally looking at the other bed in the room, Stan sawâ€|himself. If he had longer hairâ€|and was actually a girl.

As 'Sam' yawned, she looked around, seeing her family, before looking at him. As she locked eyes with him, she also stopped to stare. At this, Stan had only one thing to say.

"God damn it." Stan cursed as he let his face drop onto his hands.

Time for the crazy to start again.

2. Meet the Crew

I can see that people are reading so that is at least good for my feelings.

Alright, with that said, let's see where we go from here.

Disclaimer: I don't own South Park, which is created by Trey Parker and Matt Stone and distributed by Comedy Center.

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: Meet the Crew

As Tweek's coffee shop passed by, Stan took notice of the new moniker now plastered on the sign.

'Tweek Sisters? Huh.'

Going through South Park, Stan tried his hardest to squash the feeling of something that was subtly rising with each street they drove down. It was weird, he could pretend that he was back home, back in the South Park with its own brand of crazy and utter bats**t insanity. But every time when he started to sink into that comfortable illusion, something came by to break him out of it.

Maybe it was a sign of a store that had sported different letters, or a person that looked like someone Stan knew only with another gender, or the fact that he was wearing hand-me-downs that Shelley once wore.

And there was always the silence in the car, practically suffocating him. Stan took a moment to prepare himself, before stretching his arms towards the roof. As he did so, Stan took a moment to look around.

At first, it looked like okay, even now, he still had no idea what to call the people that were supposed to be his parents only reversed. Then Stan remembered what they had called themselves, so he decided that would be the best for now. At first, it looked like Shawn and Randi were paying attention to the road, but as Stan briefly looked at the rearview mirror, he could see both of them taking peeks at him before returning their attention to the road.

Turning his attention, Stan looked over Shelly (which was weird, you think that his parents in this world would give a boy Shelley a different man), who sat like a rock in the middle seat. It was only a moment before Shelly looked at Stan and snarled. Stan quickly looked straight, hoping to God that Shelley didn't hit him. After a few moments, Stan looked out of the corner of his eye, only to feel Shelly hit him in the shoulder.

"OW!"

"Shelley, don't hit Stan." Randi said without turning around.

Shelley groaned, sitting back in his seat, crossing his arms. "Why are we even taking this turd home? So he happens to look like my turd sister, so what?"

"It's not just that, according to the doctor, the DNA test says he is a Marsh, and if there is no thing that Mom taught me, is that we don't intentionally abandon other Marshes."

Recognizing that regardless of what he thought, his parents had made up their minds, Shelley glared at Stan one more time before looking forward.

Stan wasn't sure what to feel about the fact that Shelley was about the same.

Either way, Stan put that thought away when he finally saw herâ€| his double in this new world.

It was weird, being able to see yourself with the knowledge that they weren't a reflection or an identical twin. Thinking about it, he had to wonder what exactly Sam had experienced in this world and if it was different. Like the whole 'boob' thing with Bebe, did that still happen here? Did it happen to someone else?

Stan caught himself before he stared at Sam's chest, and that was when he realized that Sam had been on her phone. Stan looked forward, before Sam could catch him. Looking back at Sam one last time, Stan leaned back in his seat, trusting in Shelley's bulk to hide him from Sam's view.

As Main Street started to give way to the houses of his neighborhood, Stan had remind himself quickly.

Not my neighborhood.

And as the car pulled up to a house that looked so familiar and yet felt so unwelcoming, Stan let out a shaky breath.

Not my home.

"Stan, are you okay?"

Stan looked to see both Shawn and Randi, looking at him curiously. Stan shook his head.

"No, I'm fine. I guessâ€|I was wondering where I was going to sleep tonight."

Shawn and Randi looked at each other, the unspoken question bouncing between them. Stan was somewhat glad to know that somethings in this family never changed.

"Well, I guess we got some extra pillows and blankets that you could use along with the couch."

Stan nodded as he unlocked his seatbelt. "Yeah, that sounds good enough."

When everyone entered the house, the first thing that grabbed Stan's attention was the unrecognizable lump of plastic that Stan hoped wasn't what he thought it was.

"What the hell happened?"

As Shawn and Randi looked at the mess, they both groaned and started to mutter about how much it would take to replace the carpeting. Both Shelley and Sam didn't react as they ascended the stairs. While Shelley slammed his bedroom door as he reached it, Sam stood on top of the stairs, looking at him. Then she looked away before going inside her room.

Turning back to Shawn and Randi, Stan waited until the two of them were done, before asking his question.

"Seriously though, what the heck happened after I appeared?"

"Wellâ€|after you appeared, the Xbox burst into flames. Guess we were too preoccupied with you two that we kind of neglected that. Thinking about it, thank god that it didn't burn the house downâ€|" Randi nervously chuckled.

Stan pursed his lips as he considered the mess in front of him. The last time something with alternate dimensions happened (he refused to consider or remember the whole thing about Cartman sending them to Cthulhu's realm), the evil counterparts simply traveled through that portal on that Indi-Native American graveyard, and they had sent them back using a portal gun. Considering the fact that the only one in town probably smart enough to make a portal gun would probably want him as a test subject, that option was out. That left one option for him.

If there was a way that got him into this world, then maybe it could get him out of it. Howeverâ€|

That way was through Guitar Hero, and now this copy was completely down the crapper, he had to find a new one. And honestly, who still played Guitar Hero nowadays?!

Stan groaned as he looked around at the empty living room, Shawn and Randi now having moved into the kitchen. Sitting on the coach, Stan started to think the hardest he could. Ideas on where to find copies of Guitar Hero online and on what sites, and plans of what to do if things went to hell for him.

Because if he knew South Park as well as he did, and assuming the same things happened here as they did there, new things usually A: faded into the background. B: actually managed to become a part of South Park or C: get brutally and utterly destroyed.

And if there was at least one useful thing that Mr. Garrison had ever taught him in all his years teaching, it was that C was usually the right answer, or at least had a pretty good chance of being it.

As he thought about what he was going to do, Stan groaned before looking at the garage door. He then looked at the kitchen, still hearing Shawn and Randi talk about stuff. He suppose he could first make sure that Randi's cache was still there.

Then he could wait a bit before raiding Randi's alcohol drawer.

* * *

><p>She opened her eyes to blessed silence. It seemed her mom and dad

had finished having their argument and had turned in for the night. Getting out of her bed, she stretched a bit before tightening the hood of her parka. Allowing her eyes to adjust to the dark, she got her backpack, dumping out all the books, and replaced them with a flashlight. Making sure that she had everything, she opened her window and jumped out of it.<p>

Landing on a snowpile, she crept quietly, making sure to make as little noise as possible. Upon reaching one window, she looked through it, searching for one person. Seeing a little boy hugging a teddy bear with a serene expression, a small smile bloomed on her lips. With all her worries at rest, she continued on her way.

Making sure to keep to the shadows and out of the streetlights and car lights, it wasn't long before she was walking towards one specific house. Looking around, she waited for a bit before two more people showed, one of whom carrying a ladder. As the two came closer, one of them, looking a bit rounder than the others, spoke out.

"God, why the hell did Sam make us wake up this early in the morning? And before you b***hes ask, yes, I got the rope."

The other person sighed. "Because we need to get the drop on this guy. Who knows if he happens to be an evil doppelganger? Who knows what he could be planning?"

"Probably not impersonating Sam." The fatter other person glibly responding, the smirk practically plastered over the words.

"Every day I wish we got the right one!"

She ignored the conversation as she watched Sam's window for any sign of the girl that had called them there. Besides, it wasn't like she could contribute anything. If she remembered correctly, that had been the time that she had gotten killed by Sam's new goldfish. That had been a really embarrassing one.

It wasn't long before Sam appeared in the window and waved. She turned back to the two, who were still engaged in their little verbal snarl.

"Hey, if you girls could stop arguing, Sam is up there now." At that, the two looked up and gave one more spat before getting to work. Within a few minutes, the whole group got into the yard and set up the ladder next to the window. Climbing the ladder, the three got into Sam's room. As the three adjusted to room temperature, the less rounder one turned to Sam.

"So where's your double?"

Sam pointed downwards. "My parents got him to sleep on the couch downstairs. Kenzie, got the rope?"

She nodded, patting her backpack. At that, Sam nodded back.

"Alright come on. And Erica, don't give us away."

"**** you, Sam."

"Come on guys, how about we argue after we get this guy? But

seriously, Erica, don't **** this up."

"â€|**** you, Kylie."

As the group of four quietly crept down the stairs, they looked past the railing, seeing the couch. Her heart began to pound as she prepare herself for whatever could happen. But as the four looked over where Sam's double was supposed to be sleeping, there was nothing there.

"Sam, where is he?"

"I don't know."

Just as the group tried to think of what to do, they heard something coming from the kitchen. As one, they looked at the kitchen, realizing that there was a small light coming from it. Flattening themselves against the wall, Sam nodded to them before quietly going around the corner. Several moments before they heard Sam speak.

"Hey."

A slight scrap of the chair against the floor, before Sam's counterpart talked.

"Hey."

This was followed by a slurping noise, before something metallic made a sound against the wood of the table. For Kenny, the sound was familiar.

"Soâ€|you drink?"

"Only during things that makes me want to get drunk."

"Ohâ€|"

"Look, you got to believe me, I'm not an evil twin from another universe. I mean, at least not evil."

"Okayâ€|"

"I'm serious, I want to go back to my own universe as much as you want me to get out of it. Please, you got to believe me. Lookâ€|"

The chair scraped against the floor, and she could hear bare feet landing on the floor.

"Look, pinky swear, cross my heart, my hands are not behind my back, I'll do anything. Please, you got to believe me. You know as well as I do what South Park does to new things, and I'm a new thing. Please, help me out here."

The silence was deafening, as she looked around. Kylie looked pensive as if unsure of what to think and Erica looked unmoved. And Sam was quiet, though because of disbelief or hesitation, she couldn't tell.

As for her, she hadn't been there for the evil twin thing, and considering that this was South Park, it wasn't surprising. But she was sure they should help this person. She heard his pleading, and his fear. And she was intimately familiar with how this town dealt with things that had the potential to disrupt the happy little routine that went on here.

And apparently, so was he.

Making the first move, she moved away from the wall and around the corner, seeing Sam'sâ€|Stan for the first time. Wellâ€|at least he was cute.

"So what do you need?"

Stan blinked for a while.

"K-Kenny? Y-you're still a boy here?"

Strangely enough, that didn't hurt as much as it did, nor the snort Erica made as she and Kylie came into the kitchen. Without commenting, she simply took off her hood before looking at Stan, a small smile on her lips.

"While you're here, I prefer Kenzie."

"R-right, Kenzie. Sorry. Look, what I need is this."

Stan took the Ipad off the table and showed what he was browsing on it. Kylie looked at Stan with an eyebrow raised.

"Guitar Hero?"

"I know it sounds crazy, but I need to get a copy of this so I can play 'Through the Fire & the Flames' on Hero difficulty, and get back to my own universe."

She looked around to see everyone wasn't exactly convinced.

"Look, it's the only thing that I could think of that could get me back, without this getting anymore bulls**t. I mean, playing that brought me here, and maybe playing it can bring me back."

"How sure are you of this?" The question spilled out of her mouth, before she realized it.

"Wellâ€|it's South Park. These kind of things have a way of fixing themselves back to normalâ€|" Stan held up a finger, before taking a long drink of the Pabst Blue Ribbon beer he had in his hand. A few moments passed before Stan stopped and put the can down.

"Sorry, it's been a long, hard day." Stan murmured before burping.

"Soâ€|" Erica smirked, a devious glint entering her eyes. "That sounds like a lot of work for us. What can you do to make it work our while?"

Before anyone could object, Stan quietly grabbed something in his

pocket, and handing everyone there a single dollar.

"What, you think that-" Before Erica could finish, Stan grabbed the Ipad and shone it in their hands, revealing Benjamin Franklins. She blinked as she stared at a whole 100 dollar bill in her hands.

"Double or nothing." Erica smirked. Without any comment, Stan got four more bills and handed them off to everyone. She was now boggled at the sight of two hundred dollar bills in her hands. Looking up, even Erica's smirk had washed off her face, her eyes bulging.

That was until it returned.

"Do-" Stan held up his hand.

"Wait, I can already see where this is going, so about I did this? By the time I leave and get back to my dimension, I'll tellâ€¦ one of you where I got this money."

"You mean, there's more?!" Surprise, surprise, it was Erica.

"Yeah, enough to stuff the fridge."

All four people looked over at the fridge, before Erica looked back and offered a smile.

"Well, don't worry, new best friend. You'll be safe with us."

Stan smiled back, nearly as false. "That's all I'm asking."

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, in another part of the country, a haggard looking man was gulping down a few beers, before another man burst through the doors.<p>

"Charles, there you are!"

The man drinking looked at him with a bleary eye, before shrugging.

"What do you want, Kai?"

The other man only pulled out a phone, before showing him what was on it. Looking at it, his eyes widened, before his demeanor changed.

"This is impossible. Someone actually looking for Guitar Hero?"

"Not just any Guitar Hero. The original. The one where we encodedâ€¦that."

Charles blinked. "That's impossible, no one could have knownâ€¦exceptâ€¦"

Kai nodded. "Something's wrong."

As the two had their conversation, they didn't notice a pair of eyes moving on the phone.

* * *

><p>So how was this chapter? Did the whole meeting between Stan and
the Gb!crew go over well?<p>

End
file.